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BATTLING FOR A FORTUNE,
—OR THE—
BLACK HAND.

A DRAMA
In Four Acts and a Prologue.

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BATTLING FOR A FORTUNE,

—OR THE—

BLACK HAND.

PROLOGUE.

Exterior of Dwelling on Robert 'Morris' Plantation.
Table and three chairs R., set tree at back.

Music, " 'Way Down on the Swanee River."

Robert Morris discovered, seated R. of table.

Robert Morris—A gentleman from New York has written that he would be here to-day and look at my plantation. I have been thinking of selling my Negroes and plantation and move to the city and send Dick to school. He is now ten years old and I want to educate him and make a man of him, besides I am getting old

and I can not get around to see to things any more, besides I am rich and there is no use for me to work any more. (Calls.) Sam.

Enter Sam L.

Sam—Yes, master.

R. M.—Bring me a bottle of brandy.

Sam—All right, master.

Exit Sam L.

R. M.—Here I have a good home but still I must think of the welfare of my son.

[*Enter Sam, with brandy.*] Bring me my paper.

Sam—All right, master. [*Exit at L.*]

R. M.—I wonder where Dick is. [*Enter Sam, with paper.*]

Sam—Master there am a carriage at the gate.

R. M.—It is the gentleman from New York. Sam, show him this way.

Sam—Yes, master. [*Exit at L.*]

R. M.—Well I must have Forty Thousand dollars for my Negroes and plantation.

[*Enter Sam.*]

Sam—This way gentlemen.

R. M.—[*Aside.*] There must be two persons.

Enter Bill Jackson and Silas Wilson at L.

B. J.—Mr. Morris I presume.

R. M.—Yes sir. Have I the honor of meeting Mr. Jackson?

B. J.—You have. Mr. Morris allow me to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Wilson.

R. M.—Mr. Wilson you are welcome at Morris' plantation.

S. W.—Thank you. Mr. Morris you have a beautiful plantation. Mr. Morris I admire that beautiful stream that flows through your plantation. I also had quite a talk with your Negroes, they think there is no one as good as you.

R. M.—Mr. Wilson I always like to see a negro treated right. I can get more work out of my Negroes than my neighbors can out of theirs.

B. J.—Mr Morris I have been over some of your plantation and it is just the place I want. What is your price ?

R. M.—Please be seated gentlemen. [*Set down.*] Well sir my price is Forty Thousand dollars for my plantation and Negroes.

B. J.—Mr. Morris is that the least that will buy it ?

R. M.—It is Jackson. [*Voice off stage, I'll tell Massa Morris.*]

R. M.—Pray excuse me gentlemen for a few moments. [*Exit at L.*]

B. J.—Well Si the crib will not be hard to crack.

S. W.—I don't think it will be very hard Bill, but look out that you don't miss your grab.

B. J.—Have I ever missed it in 12 years Si ?

S. W.—No Bill you are a good one, mums the word. Here comes the old bird.

[*Enter R. M. at L.*]

R. M.—Gentlemen let us take a stroll over the plantation.

B. J.—We will be glad to stroll over this beautiful plantation. [*Exit R. M. B. J. and S. W. at R.*]

[Enter Sam at L.]

Sam—Them men will bear watching they are two villians and I know it.

Enter Dick Morris at L.

D. M.—Sam won't you sing a song and play on the banjo ?

Sam—I will, Massa Dick, if you will go and get the old banjo.

D. M.—That I will Sam, you are always good to me.

[Exit at L.]

Sam—I would do anything for that boy, I love him.

[Enter D. M. at L.]

D. M.—Now Sam sing me some good old song.

Sam—All right Massa Dick. [Sing song and plays banjo.]

D. M.—That will do Sam I am going down to the pond to fish. [Exit at R. carrying fish pole and can.]

Sam—All right honey. (Exit at L.) (Enter R. M. at R.)

R. M.—Well they are pleased with everything. They are strolling over the plantation yet. I was so tired of walking that I had to return. I must rest. (Exit R.)

(Enter Jackson and Wilson at R.)

B. J.—Well I am sure to win this time.

S. W.—Don't be too sure, Bill.

B. J.—Don't be a fool Si, I have never lost a game that I undertook. How many times have the officers had Bill Jackson and he escaped. Si, as long you have known me you did not know that I was the possessor of the Black Hand. Look ! (Shows Black Hand on arm.) Can you tell how many Thousand dollars that there is offered for the arrest of the Black Hand?

S. W.—No Bill, there is more than I want.

B. J.—What Si, are you turning traitor?

S. W.—No Bill, I will stand by you till I die. Here comes the old man. Now is the time to strike.

(Enter R. M. at L.)

B. J.—Here Mr. Morris sign this paper.

R. M.—What is it?

B. J.—It is the contract that you are to sell me all your Negroes and plantation for forty thousand dollars. (R. M. signs.) Now Mr. Wilson please witness this contract. (S. W. signs.) Now Mr. Morris I will read this for you. (Reads.) I Robert Morris of New Orleans being of sound mind will to William Jackson all my negroes, money and plantation. In testimony where of I hereunto set my hand this 28 day of September in the year of our Lord 1859. Signed Robert Morris. Signed in the presence of me Silas Wilson.

R. M.—(Rising.) This is swindling!

B. J.—It is too late now Mr. Morris. Good bye sir. Come Si. (Exit B. J. and S. W. at L.)

R. M.—(Shakes fist.) You scoundrels it will be all fixed. I will go at once and get a will made to Dick before it is too late, they mean treachery. (Exit at L.)

Sam—(Enter Sam.) Old Master told me that he was going to sell us niggers and the old plantation. It will brake my heart to part with Master and Massa Dick. I will go and tell the old woman. (Exit L. and re-enters.) Here comes old Massa, I will hide and see what is the matter with him. (Hides.)

Enter R. M. at R.

R. M.—Here is my true will. [*Holds up paper.*] It gives everything that I have to Dick. Now Bill Jackson your game is blocked. [*Picks up box from table.*] I will place this Will in the secret part of this box and tell Dick, where to find it. [*Places it in secret part of box.*] I am very tired and I will retire. I wish Dick was here. [*Exit L. Sam. appears from hiding place.*]

S a m.—I will run and get Massa Dick. [*Exit R.*]

Stage becomes dark, slow music, enter B. J. and S. W. at R.

B. J.—All is quiet, now Si stand here, I will go around to the back window, enter the house and open this door, then you get the box of deeds and sack of gold, and I will find the rest. He must die to-night!

[*Exit at L.*]

S. W.—This will end this job and I will get ten thousand dollars, then I can lead a respectable life.

[*Enter B. J. through D.*]

B. J.—Now to our work.

[*Exit B. J. and S. W. through door. Re-enter S. W. with box and bag. Two pistol shots heard off stage. Enter B. J. limping as if shot.*]

B. J.—I am shot Si. Let us leave here, I have finished him. [*Exit B. J. leaning on S. W. Enters R. M. with hand to forehead, drops in front part of stage.*]

R. M.—Oh my son! [*Enter Sam. and Dick. at R.*]

D. M.—I am here father. (Sam. raises R. M.'s head on his knee.)

R. M.—Dick, I am dying. Bill Jackson is my mur.

derer. You will know him by a Black Hand on his right wrist. You will find my Will in the———(*Dies.*)

[*Dick. faces the audience, places his left hand on forehead and right hand towards Heaven and exclaims—*

D. M.—O ye Heavens hear my oath, I shall avenge my father's death!

CURTAIN DROPS.

Fifteen years is supposed to have elapse between the Prologue and First Act.

ACT 1.

SCENE I—*A parlor in George Mercer's dwelling. Geo. Mercer discovered seated at table as curtain rises.*

Geo. Mercer.—I will look over my mail. Hello! here is a letter from Frank, now I will know when he is coming home. [*Opens and reads.*] [*Calls*] Lillie.

Enters Lillie.

L. M.—Yes father!

G. M.—I have just received a letter from Frank. He says he is going to bring a young gentleman friend of his home with him, and he hopes that we will welcome him to our home.

L. M.—Father we always welcome Frank's friends; but what is his name?

G. M.—Harry Osborne, I believe.

L. M.—[*Aside.*] Harry Osborne, I like the name. I wonder if I will like the person the same? [*Aloud.*] When are they coming, Father?

G. M.—To-day.

L. M.—Then I will go and get everything in readiness. [*Exit C.*]

(*Enter Frank Mercer and Harry Osborne at R.*)

Frank Mercer.—Good morning father, I never saw you looking better in my life. Father, this is Mr. Osborne, my young friend. (*H. O and G. M, shake hands.*)

G. M.—You are welcome to our home, Mr. Osborne.

H. O.—Thanks, Mr. Mercer, I think I can enjoy

myself here.

F. M.—Father, where is Lillie?

G. M.—She is getting everything in readiness for your reception. We did not expect you so soon.

F. M.—Be seated Harry. (H. O. *sits down*.) I will go and find Lillie. (Exit C.)

H. O.—This is a fine house you have, Mr. Mercer.

G. M.—Yes indeed, and a happy one too, Mr. Osborne. I am happy with my two children.

Enters Frank and Lillie.

F. M.—This is my sister, Mr. Osborne.

H. O.—Miss Mercer, I am happy to form your acquaintance, and I think I can spend many happy hours here in your beautiful home.

L. M.—And we will try to make you happy Mr. Osborne.

F. M.—Come, Harry, let us have a pleasant game of cards.

H. O.—Willingly.

F. M.—Come sister, won't you help us?

L. M.—Certainly. (Exit F. and L. at C.)

H. O.—Mr. Mercer whose picture is this?

G. M.—My sister-in-law's.

H. O.—What was her name?

G. M.—She was the wife of Robert Morris.

H. O.—*Aside*.) What, my mother? Then thank God I have found a friend. *Aloud*. Mr. Mercer, I am not Harry Osborne.

G. M.—Then who are you?

H. O.—Dick Morris.

G. M.—What? If this is true you shall be welcome

to my house.

H. O.—Thank you Uncle, but I must not be known outside of this family other than Harry Osborne, for I am hunting my father's murderer.

G. M.—It shall be as you wish.

F. M.—*Outside.* Come Harry.

H. O.—I must go out with my cousins as you know me now. *Exit at C.*

G. M.—I might have known him, he looks like his mother.

Enters P. H. and D. J.

P. H.—I hope to find you well Mr. Mercer.

G. M.—Quite well, thank you. Never was in better health in my life.

P. H.—I am glad to hear that. Mr. Mercer allow me to introduce you to my friend Mr. Johnson.

G. M.—Mr. Johnson I am happy to form your acquaintance and also welcome you to Mercer Hall.

D. J.—I am happy to form your acquaintance and also thank you for welcoming me to Mercer Hall.

G. M.—Pray be seated gentlemen.

P. H.—Mr. Mercer I have called to see what you will give me for a good plantation.

H. O. and F. M. appear at C. D.

G. M.—Where is your plantation?

P. H.—It is near New Orleans.

G. M.—Whose plantation was it?

P. H.—I bought it from Robert Morris.

G. M.—What, my wife's brother?

H. O.—Yes, and my father. Excuse me gentlemen,

but sir, what is your name?

P. H.—Percy Hamilton, and yours?

H. O.—I am called Harry Osborne, but my real name is Dick Morris and yours is Bill Jackson, to prove it, there. [*Exposes Black Hand.*]

P. H.—Let loose or I'll— [*Jerks loose.*]

H. O.—Hold on or you're a dead man!

(*Draws revolver.*)

DISPOSITION OF CHARACTER AT THE FALL OF THE
CURTAIN.

D. J. *first* R. P. H. *first* C. D. M. *first* R. F. M.
second C. G. M. *second* R. L. M. *third* C.

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT I I.

SCENE I.—*Street.**Enter Sam. at L.*

S a m.—I wonder where Massa Dick is. I have not seen him for fifteen years. Oh, if I could only get hold of that box I would place it where Massa Dick could find it. Jackson nearly kills me sometimes. Oh well, I could leave him any time, but I will not leave him till I get hold of that will.

Enter Dick, blacked up. slaps Sam. on the shoulder.

D. M.—Hello, Sam, fine day!

S a m.—Who de debil am you? I don't know you, neber saw you afore. Where you come from any how?

D. M.—Well Sam, as you do not know me I will tell you a story and then you may know me. Fifteen years ago there was a rich planter who lived close to New Orleans. He had a son about ten years old. One night while this son was a fishing, an old servant came for him and on their return, the son found his father dying. The father told the son who had shot him, and started to tell where the will was, but he died before he had finished telling. The son swore to avenge his father's death.

S a m.—[*Excited.*] Massa Dick!

D. M.—Yes Sam, I am Dick Morris. You may help me a great deal yet before I am through with my revenge. My heart seeks for vengeance. Ah! Bill Jack-

son, my father's avenger is on your track. Well Sam, what are you doing for a living now?

S a m.—I am staying at Bill Jackson's saloon.

D. M.—How does he treat you?

S a m.—He treats me like a dog, Massa Dick.

D. M.—Why don't you leave him?

S a m.—Because I am trying to get a hold of your father's will.

D. M.—So you have been helping me?

S a m.—Yes, and I shall always help you when I can.

D. M.—Where is Jackson's saloon?

S a m.—It is number 13 east Alabama street.

D. M.—I shall be there before long, Sam. Are you going to the picnic?

S a m.—Yes, Massa Dick, I will be there.

D. M.—You must not know me Sam, I am to be a total stranger to you.

S a m.—All right Massa Dick. I must go, for Jackson sent me in a hurry. Good bye, Massa Dick.

[*Exit R.*]

D. M.—Good bye Sam. Bill Jackson you will not know me in this disguise. Now to avenge my father's death. [*Exit R.*]

END OF SCENE I, ACT I I.

ACT I I, SCENE I I.

Changed to wood scene.—Party seated around stage, laughing, as scene changes.

Lillie Mercer.—Now Sam sing us a good song.

Sam.—All right Miss Lillie. [*Sings.*]

Bill. Jackson.—Sam you are a good singer.

L. M.—That he is. Now Jeff this is your turn.

D. M.—Well then, Why is an infant child like a field of wheat?

All.—Give it np.

D. M.—Because da has to be cradled and threshed before they are fit for family use. [*All laugh.*]

L. M.—Now give us a song.

D. M.—All right. [*Sings: Roll out heave dat cotton.*]

B. J.—That was a nice song.

S. W.—[*Crying over to Jackson.*] This is a fine day, Bill.

B. J.—Yes it is a fine day Si. I will have my answer to-night, and if she refuses to be my wife, I shall kill her. I shall not be baffled by her and Dick Morris.

S. W.—Look out for Dick Morris.

B. J.—I shall watch for him and if he crosses my path I shall put the point of this knife in his heart. I have not failed on a victim yet.

D. M.—(*Aside.*) But you shall fail this time, God leads the righteous through all harm.

[*Thundering heard off stage.*]

B. J.—There is a big storm coming up.

L. M.—We had better all go home. See it is going to be a heavy storm.

[*Exit all at L., except B. J. and L. M.—
Thundering heard off stage.*]

B. J.—Dear Lillie you promised to give me an answer to-day.

L. M.—And you shall have your answer, I cannot be your wife.

B. J.—[*Excited.*] And why?

L. M.—Because I am to be the wife of Richard Morris.

B. J.—Never! [*Advances toward her with drawn knife.*] I will kill you first.

[*Enter D. M. at L. rushes forward and
flings B. J. to the floor.*]

D. M.—Not this time Bill Jackson.

B. J.—Who are you?

D. M.—I am Dick Morris. [*Jackson starts to rise, Dick draws revolver.*] Hold on Bill Jackson!

CURTAIN DROPS.

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Jackson's saloon.—As curtain rises Jackson and Wilson discovered seated at front table.—Four card players at back table.*

B. J.—The only one there is to fear is Dick Morris, and he must be disposed of at all hazards. Si, we must work our cards together.

S. W.—Bill, I will be the last man to throw up my hands in a close game with you for a partner. We have been balked in some of our games, but we will win in the end.

B. J.—Well, we must work our cards right to-night. You must have a carriage at old Mercer's gate at 10 o'clock sharp, and I will have the girl there.

S. W.—Be sure you do not get baffled.

B. J.—Did you ever know Bill Jackson to get beat at his own game?

Old Man.—[*At back table.*] The pot's mine!

All.—Show your hand!

[*Enter Dick Morris in disguise.*]

O. M.—[*Showing hand.*] Four aces.

[*Rakes in pot.*]

D. M.—Drinks for the house.

B. J.—Stranger what is your name?

D. M.—George Van Winkle.

O. M.—You must be a son of old Rip.

D. M.—No sir, I am a son of David Van Winkle.

O. M.—A son of the rich old planter.

D. M.—Yes sir.

B. J.—Here is luck to Van Winkle. (*All drink, but Dick.*)

All.—Good luck to him.

O. M.—Come boys, I have been lucky to-night, we will go and take in the sights.

All.—That we will. (*Exit four card players.*)

B. J.—Let me see that whip, I never had one in my hands.

D. M.—All right, sir.

S. W.—You have not been around town much?

D. M.—No sir, I seldom come to town.

(*S. W. goes closer to Dick.*)

S. W.—Stranger, (*Jerks off wig.*) you are Dick Morris.

D. M.—Yes I am Dick Morris.

B. J.—Take that. (*Hits Dick over the head with butt of whip, then moves table and opens trap.*) Here Si. drop him in the trap. (*Si drops Dick through trap and closes it.*) Now our game is sure, he will never escape from death in there. Now let us strike while the iron is hot, now for the girl. (*Exit B. J. and S. W.*)

S a m.—(*Coming from behind bar.*) Oh, you devils, if you have killed Massa Dick I will kill you. (*Raises trap.*) Massa Dick, Massa Dick. old Sam is here to help you.

D. M.—Give me your hand Sam.

S a m.—Here it is Massa Dick. (*Helps Dick out.*)

D. M.—Thank you Sam, you have helped me escape from a dreadful death.

S a m.—That is all right Massa Dick.

D. M.—Now Sam, work your cards right and we

ACT III. SCENE III.

Room in Mercer's Mansion.—Parlor at dusk.

Enter Bill Jackson.

B. J.—All is still, that is her room. [*Points to R.*]
Hello, some one is coming, I must hide. [*Hides.*]

Enter Geo. and Frank Mercer and set down at table.

G. M.—I wonder where Dick is, I have not seen him for two days.

F. M.—Rest assured father, he is safe.

B. J.—[*Aside.*] You are right he is safe, you will never see him alive again.

G. M.—I fear all is not right.

F. M.—I know he has a villian to contend with, but never fear for him, he is a man of the world, it will take more than Bill Jackson and his gang to down Dick.

G. M.—I wish that affair was settled. Lillie is not happy, she is afraid that Dick will get killed

F. M.—She need not fear, but still if Dick should get killed I believe it would kill her. She loves him dearer than her own life. Dick is a man every inch of him.

G. M.—That he is. He is worthy of a Queen for a wife.

F. M.—That he is. Father, you are tired and need rest, let us retire for the night, and if Dick does not return to-night I will search for him to-morrow. [*Exit.*]

B. J.—So she is going to be the wife of Dick Morris, is she? Curse him, I will see about that. Before to-morrow night she will be the wife of Bill Jackson. You

will get the box, will and deeds, but the gold is gone. Thank the Lord they do not know that there is a secret part to the box. I must be going, I have more work to do yet before I am through with you Bill Jackson, when that is accomplished, then Lillie Mercer we will be happy, but until my father's death is avenged, we cannot get married. Now Sam, good night.

Sam—Good night Massa Dick, may de Lord bless you.

ACT III. SCENE II. STREET.

[*Enter Bill Jackson.*]

B. J.—Confound Si, he is always late. I have been watching the house. All is fair in war. I have found her room and it will be easy to gain admittance to the house. I guess I did not leave to big a dose in the room, she can't sleep to sound. Hello, here comes Si at last! [*Enter Si.*] Why are you so late?

S. W.—I had some trouble about getting a carriage. Is everything ready?

B. J.—Yes. Now to our work. [*Exit B. J. S. W.*]

Enter Dick Morris.

D. M.—Ah, Bill Jackson, I know your game. You can't hold out with me. I hold two faithful friends (*Draws two revolvers.*) that will stay by me. You will find this a hard hand to beat. (*Exit Dick.*)

Enter Sam singing.

Sam.—Golly wouldn't I catch it if that there Jackson knowed that I helped Massa Dick to escape he would kill me, but I a'int going to tell him.

[*Goes off singing.*]

George Mercer will yet claim me for a son, and you Frank Mercer will never see Dick Morris again for he is dead, and you don't want to work against me, for Bill Jackson always wins. Now to my work. [*Exit B. J. at R.,—Music,—Re-enters carrying Lillie.—Lays her on lounge.—Gets shawl and wraps around her, and goes to pick her up.—Enter Dick Morris,*] Now the game is mine.

D. M.—Not much! [*Bill rushes forward, knocks Dick's revolver up. Revolvers fired off at same time. Bill hits Dick over the head with billy.*]

B. J.—Ha! Ha! you need not try to balk me!

CURTAIN DROPS.

END OF ACT THIRD.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Bill Jackson's *saloon*.—B. J. and S. W.
seated at table as curtain rises.

B. J.—Si you can bring Ross here to-night, he will marry us. Money is all he wants. He don't care how he makes it.

S. W.—Suppose she refuses to marry you Bill?

B. J.—If she is not a willing bride, then she shall be an unwilling one.

S. W.—Bill have you read the morning paper?

B. J.—No Si, is it interesting?

S. W.—Yes, it gives the account of the death of Dick Morris.

B. J.—How does it read?

S. W.—Here it is, read it yourself. [*Hands paper.*]

B. J.—[*Aloud.*] This morning Richard Morris was found dead in his uncle's parlor. A verdict was rendered: Died of heart disease. It appears as though the disease runs in the family on his mother's side. Well, that is a good verdict, we are all right now.

S. W.—I think we are, but what are you going to do if you get married, you cannot go to old Mercer's?

B. J.—Ah! that is what I will do. When she is my wife, why she will become reconciled and she will help me to make friends with her father and brother. That done then the old man will die of the heart disease and her brother will go the same way, then I will be satisfied. Then I will lead an honest life and be happy with Lillie, my wife. You can live with us then, Si

S. W.—I cannot think of leaving you.

B. J.—Lock the door and bring the girl here.

S. W.—All right Bill. [*Locks door and brings out Lillie.*]

B. J.—Bill. Jackson has never lost a game yet, so Dick Morris you are out of my way. [*Turn to Lillie.*] How are you this morning, my pretty lass?

L. M.—Sir, why was I brought here?

B. J.—Si you can leave now till I call you. [*Exit Si*] I have had you brought here to ask you to become my wife.

L. M.—Wretch, do you think I would marry my uncle's murderer! [*Bill shrinks back.*] Ah! well you may shrink back, you wicked wretch. I would die before I would be your wife. Do you think you can face the Lord with all your sins?

B. J.—Go it my pretty lamb.

L. M.—I am through now. When I marry it will be Dick Morris, not you.

B. J.—You will never be the wife of Dick Morris, you shall be my wife.

L. M.—Wretch, never!

B. J.—Read this (*Hands Lillie paper.*) and maybe you will change your mind.

L. M.—(*Reads.*) My God! (*Faints and drops in Jackson's arms.*)

B. J.—Here Si, (*Enters Si.*) take her to her room. Si *takes her off stage.* We will see if she don't marry me. She will be my wife this very night. [*Enter Si.*] Unlock the door, Si. [*Si unlocks door, enter Dick in disguised as a peddler.*] Stranger what do you want here?

D. M.—Oh, mein frient I vos solt you some dings

vot vos nice. I vos hav lots of nice dings vot I vos solt sheap as never vos solt in dis town. I vos hav some nice—[*Fire bells ringing.*]

B. J.—There is a fire some where in this vicinity.

[*Exit B. J and S. W.*]

D. M.—So here I am again, not dead but alive. That must be the room where Lillie is in, but where is the key to the door. (*Looks around.*) Ah, he has left it on the table, now all that is safe except the will, I will look after that in the future. (*Unlocks door.*) Young lady come out and give an acoount of yourself.

Enters Lillie.

L. M.—Who are you?

D. M.—I am Dick Morris.

L. M.—What, the dead?

D. M.—No, but the living. It will take a better man than Bill Jackson or Si Wilson to kill me. He must have shown you that piece I had put in the paper to throw him off his guard.

L. M.—Thank heaven that you are safe Dick.

D. M.—We must leave hear at once. Hark ! there is some one coming, you must try to escape from me and trust the rest to me. (*Enters B. J. and S. W.*) Holt on you vos not get away from me. You see mein frients she vos try und got away.

B. J.—Thank you sir. Here Si, put her in her room. (*Si obeys.*) Here sir is five dollars for your trouble.

D. M.—Dank you mein frient, dank you, if you vant any help yust call me.

B. J.—All right sir. Here Si get the box with the paper. (*Exit Si at R.*) Now all is safe I can look over

them without fear of Dick Morris, he is dead and out of my way. (*Enters Si with box.*)

S. W.—Here they are all safe and sound.

Si hands B. J. box.—B. J. takes out papers and hands box back to S. W.

B. J.—Here Si break this box, I have no further use for it. (*Si places box on floor and raises foot to smash it.*)

D. M.—Holt on my frient, guv dot to me for a money box.

S. W.—[*Si stops.*] Must I Bill?

B. J.—Yes, give it to him, it may do him some good.

S. W.—(*Hands to Dick.*) Here take it.

D. M.—Dank you. (*Slips finger in secret part of box.*)
Mein Gott in Hiemmel, dis vas a mouse drap!

[*B. J. rushes forward.*]

B. J.—Let me see!

[*Dick slips his finger out and a paper falls to the floor, B. J. grabs at it.*]

D. M.—Hants off, dot is mine!

B. J.—Give that to me.

D. M.—You vos give it do me und I vas keeps it. [*Opens and reads.*] Last will: I, Robert Morris, being of sound mind, will to my son, Richard Morris, all my money, Negroes and plantation. This is my true will, but the one I made William Jackson is not a true will. Signed: Robert Morris.

Signed in the presence of us, this 29th,
day of September, 1859.

Witnesses: Moses Whiting and Wm. Johnson.

B. J.—Give that to me.

D. M.—Never !

B. J.—Who are you?

D. M.—*[Pulls off disguise.]* I am Dick Morris.

B. J.—*[Draws knife and starts towards Dick.]*

Then die !

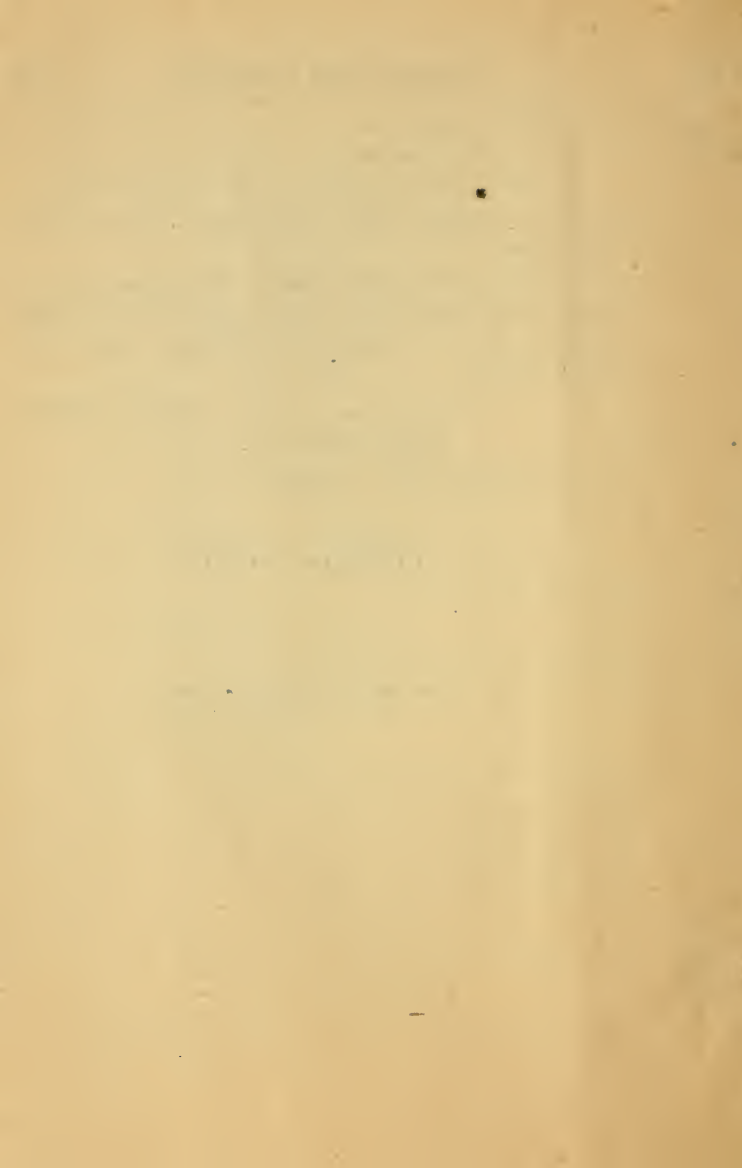
D. M.—*(With pistol in hand.)* Not with as good a hand as this. *(Fires B. J. drops dead in front of stage.)*
Victory at last for Battling for a Fortune against the Black Hand.

*Curtain rises at back.—Tableau of Dick's
Father in Heaven.*

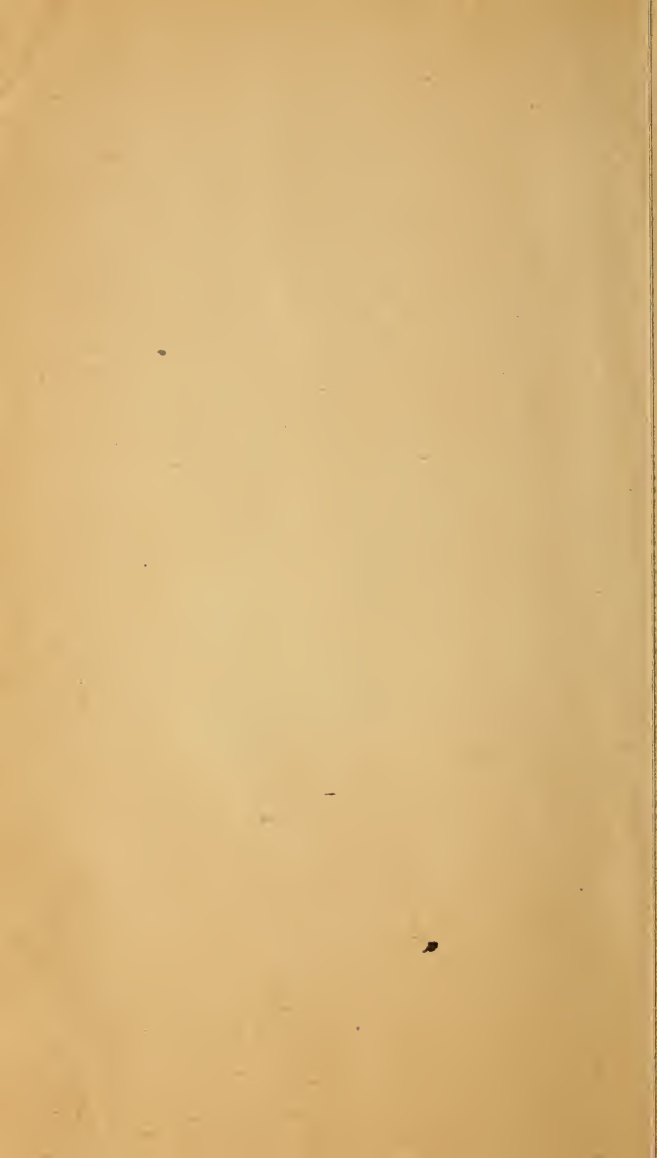
R. M.—My death is avenged.

CURTAIN DROPS.

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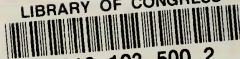


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